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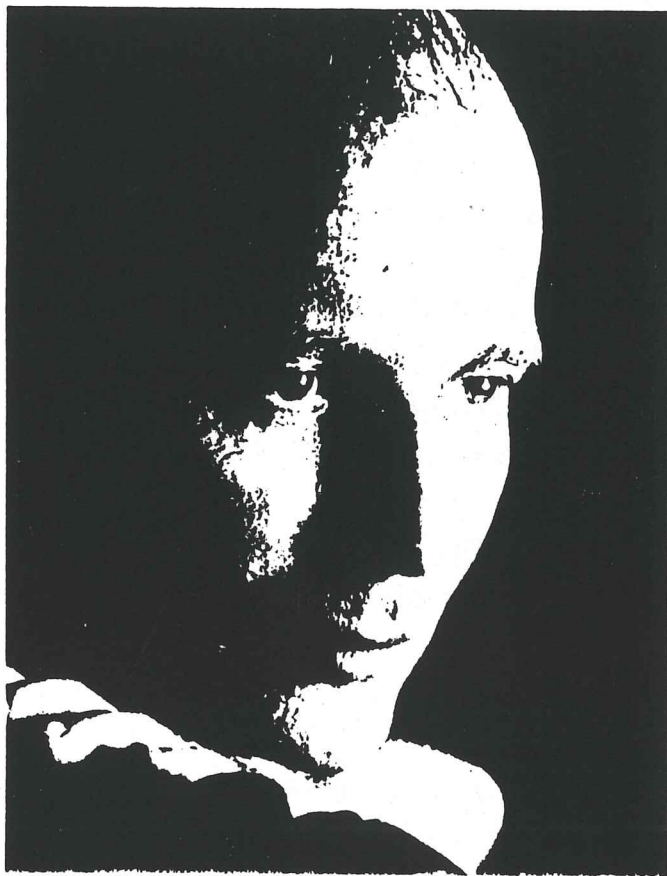


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season **1996**
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Robert Aitken Artistic Director

new music concerts presents
Hans Werner Henze: El Cimarrón



8:00 pm Sunday March 16 1997 / The Design Exchange 234 Bay St.

(NB This concert replaces "Der Weltbaumeister")

Sunday, March 16, 1997, 8:00 PM
The Design Exchange
234 Bay Street

El Cimarrón

Hans Werner Henze (b.1926)

[Biography of the Runaway Slave Estaban Montejo]

Recital for Four Musicians (1969/70, revised 1979. Dur. ca. 84 mins.)

Text from the book by Miguel Barnet

Translated and adapted for music by Hans Magnus Enzensberger

Paul Yoder *baritone*

Robert Aitken *flutes*

Reinbert Evers *guitar*

Mircea Ardeleanu *percussion*

1. The World 2. The Runaway Slave 3. Slavery
4. Flight 5. The Forest 6. Spirits 7. False Freedom

Intermission

8. Women 9. Machines 10. Priests 11. Revolt
12. The Battle of Mal Tiempo 13. Cruel Victory
14. Kindness 15. The Knife

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programme

Composer, conductor, pianist, author and producer **Hans Werner Henze** was born in Gütersloh, Westphalia, Germany on the 1st of July, 1926. The son of a schoolmaster, Henze evidenced a keen interest in the arts at an early age, with a particular fascination for music, painting and design—'effeminate' enthusiasms that were consistently discouraged by his father.

Young Hans nevertheless began composing at the age of 12, despite his lack of formal instruction in music. He also demonstrated a calculated disdain for authority by relentlessly seeking out the forbidden literature of authors such as Trakl, Rimbaud, Hölderlin, Mann and Werfel, all of whom had recently been declared "decadent" and brutally suppressed by the Nazi regime.

Henze was drafted into the *Wehrmacht* at the age of 17. Initially assigned to the Eastern frontier, he was seconded to the production of propaganda films when apprehended by British forces at the end of the war. It was not until the spring of 1946 that the nascent *Wunderkind* was able to undertake two years of formal studies in theory and composition under the guidance of Wolfgang Fortner at the Heidelberg Institute of Church Music. Fortner brought his favourite student along with him to attend his featured lectures at the first of the legendary Darmstadt summer courses in contemporary music a few months later. It was there as well in 1947 that Henze became the pupil of the French theorist René Leibowitz, at the time one of the only surviving European defenders of the serial methods of Schoenberg and Webern in an era dominated by the neo-classical aesthetic of the refugees Stravinsky and Hindemith.

Henze's own musical style at the time was eclectic in the extreme, incorporating both neo-classical influences as well as elements of parody, caricature and pastiche that ranged through an array of historical references stretching from Baroque models to then-contemporary Jazz influences. His subsequent incorporation of serial techniques created an unprecedented musical language that has been aptly described by Robert Henderson (in *The New Grove Dictionary*) as "a fruitful, apparently effortless and very personal synthesis of two modes of thought considered at the time to be totally incompatible".

Henze's first public performance in 1946 was such a promising debut that he was immediately offered an exclusive contract by the music publisher Schott. Their long and fruitful relationship has resulted in a prodigious catalogue of works that today includes forty orchestral works and ballet scores, eight symphonies, twenty concertos, five string quartets and over fifty pieces of chamber music.

Henze's international reputation is largely based on his works for the theatre, which are considered the finest German examples of the genre since the operas of Alban Berg. Henze himself has declared that his art begins and ends in the theatre, and indeed his knowledge of the field is so thorough that that he has on occasion served as his own producer and stage designer. Among the best-known of his operas are *Boulevard Solitude* (1951), *König Hirsch* (1953/56), *Elegy for Young Lovers* (1961/87), *Der junge Lord* (1964), *The Bassarids* (1964-65/92) and *The English Cat* (1980-83/90).

In 1953, in the midst of a string of personal triumphs, the now wealthy composer perturbed his compatriots by exiling himself to Italy, returning to his homeland only for professional engagements. This controversial act of self-liberation found its musical counterpart as well, as the Teutonic gravity of his music gradually became enlightened with an Italianate lyricism, in which the serial and polyphonic aspects of his music became much less prominent.

It was also in Italy in the 1960s that Henze, by now well acquainted with the socialist tradition of the Italian intelligensia (notably the composers Nono and Dallapiccola) and equally entranced by the street theatre of student activism (in Paris and Berlin), embraced a specifically Marxist interpretation of the artist's role in society. His convictions would eventually lead him to proclaim that the "World Revolution" constituted "man's greatest work of art". In 1969-70 Henze engaged himself in a year of teaching and research in Cuba, where he composed the score of *El Cimarrón* and conducted the première of his Sixth Symphony. Paul Griffiths, in his historic survey, *Modern Music: The avant garde since 1945*, summarizes Henze's ambiguous sense of political activism as it applies to the score of *El Cimarrón*:

Through all of Henze's political works there runs the unspoken suggestion that the real conflict is not between activism and cheering from the sidelines, but rather between the composer's felt need to identify himself with socialist revolution and his attachment to the sensuous romanticism of his earlier music, to which he reverts with seeming relief whenever the opportunity presents itself. His Cuba, as revealed in his Sixth Symphony, in *El Cimarrón* and in the 'vaudeville' *La Cubana* (1973), is not that of Castro and of the struggles to build a socialist society but that of the tropical forest, of plantations lying under the beating sun, of seedy night life and exotic dance rhythms.

In his note for the première of *El Cimarrón* at the 1970 Aldeburgh Festival, Henze himself explains the literary origins and unusual instrumentation of the work:

In 1963 the Cuban writer and ethnologist Miguel Barnet met Esteban Montejo, a 104-year old Negro who lived in a veteran's home in Havana. Esteban had been born and had grown up in the time of slavery and had then lived in the wilderness as a *Cimarrón*, a runaway slave; later he had fought against the Spaniards in the War of Independence (1895-98).

With the aid of a tape-recording machine, Miguel put down the history of this man, as told by himself, and published it in 1966 in the Institute for Ethnology and Folklore in Havana, under the title *Biografía de un Cimarrón*. The episodes used in the composition have been chosen, translated into German and adapted for music by Hans Magnus Enzensberger.

The use of the voice for which the work is designed ranges from mere speaking to improvised singing, from *Sprechgesang* to song in the traditional sense, from bass-baritone timbres to counter-tenor sounds. Whistling, howling, laughter, shouts and screams are employed. The flautist uses piccolo, c-flute, alto and bass flutes (and with them makes use of the new achievements of the Bartolozzi technique, which allows

the production of double, triple and quadruple stops, harmonics and glissandi), as well as the *Ryuteki* (from the Japanese *Gagaku* orchestra) and the southern Italian *scacciapensieri*. At times he will beat percussion instruments, and he will sing, hum, shout and whistle. So will the guitarist; he uses his instrument in the traditional fashion, adds harmonics and vibrato effects, plus some new percussion effects, and will also play the Afro-Cuban *marimbula* and some drums. The percussionist will handle a large number of instruments: besides the better-known ones there will be Japanese prayer-bells, log drums, boo-bams (precisely tuned mini-bongos), a steel drum from Trinidad, and African drums.

There are almost no references to Cuban folk-music. Twice there are quotations from cult music of *Lukumi* and *Yoruba* rites as still performed in Cuba today. The eighth number ('Women') is an attempt to compose a *son*, one of the more recent Cuban dances, a very typical one. And in No. 5 ('The Forest') there is a first allusion to *Son* at a certain point. To the same degree that the vocal sound is fluctuating, the music is also: from simple rhythmical values to very complex structures, from simple notation to almost-improvisation, from quasi-improvisation to absolute improvisation, suggested by graphic designs.

The way the work is thought out makes it into something between concert music and the theatre. That is exactly what was intended. But the theatre here is not costumes and disguise. The music itself—physically, realistically—is the action.

The world of Esteban, after he has escaped from slavery, is the world of a man in solitude (socially and sexually), of a man who is forced to create a life for himself in his fantasy. He does not fit; he is not part of a whole. After his return among the people, after the abolition of slavery, he cannot quite learn to adapt himself, even where he participates. He gives us a testimony of the past and offers one of many 'memories of underdevelopment' (to quote Edmundo Desnoes) in Cuba. That is why and how his testimony analyses for us some of the numerous springs and driving-powers of the Revolution, its necessity and vigour.

1. The World

In the world there are all kinds of things I can't quite explain to myself. I am lost in wonder at everything to do with nature. Still more mysterious are the gods. The gods are capricious and full of whims. It is because of this that so many strange things happen on the earth. Earlier, when I was a slave, I often looked up into the sky. I loved its colours. Once it glowed like live coals and there was a terrible drought. Another time at midday, the sky grew dark all over the island. It was just as if the moon and the sun were fighting. The world went backwards. Some lost their speech. Others had strokes and fell to the ground.

I don't know where such things come from. Nature brings them about. Nature is everything—also that which man cannot see.

Above mankind are the gods. The strongest gods of all come from Africa. I know they can fly. They get everything they want through magic. Why haven't they done anything about slavery? That thought goes round and round in my head. I can't understand it. Slavery started because of a certain poppy-red cloth. Earlier the whole of Africa was surrounded by an old wall. This old wall was made of palms, and insects, which stung and bit like the devil, lived in it. It was because of this that no white man could make his way into Africa. Until one day it happened that he waved this red cloth from his ship. When the black kings saw this they called to their people: Run, bring me the poppy-red cloth! And the blacks ran like lambs onto the ship and were caught. Black people have always had a weakness for the colour red and that was their undoing. And so they came to Cuba. And that was the beginning of slavery.

2. The Runaway Slave

I didn't know my parents. I never saw them. That isn't sad—it's just the truth! I'm a *Cimarrón*. But I know when I was born because my godparents told me: in 1860, on St. Esteban's Day, just as it is in the calendar. And that's why I'm called Esteban. At that time the masters sold black people as if they were pigs. Me too. I ended up on the sugar plantation of Flor de Sauga. I ran away for the first time at the age of ten. They caught me and beat me with a chain. I can still feel it today. Then they put handcuffs on me and sent me back to the fields. People were made to toil just like convicts in those days. Today nobody wants to believe me, but I lived through it, I know. If a black child was an attractive, pretty little creature the white master would take him into the house and would do whatever he liked with them. The whole day one of these young boys would have to stand at that table with a fly swatter—for the masters would have to eat the whole day long. When a fly fell onto the plate they swore at him and gave him a thrashing. I was never in the master's house.

3. Slavery

Early at 4:30 a.m. the overseer rang out the Ave Maria. By the ninth toll all slaves had to be on their feet. At 6 o'clock the bell for roll call sounded in the square before the huts, women on the left, men on the right. It was a wide, empty, dusty square. There wasn't a single tree—palm, cedar or fig tree. Then we were herded out to the sugar fields. There we worked till sundown, when the bell rang for prayers. At 9 p.m. the last bell rang, and the overseer placed the large lock on the door.

While I was a slave I saw many terrible things. The stocks were in the sugar refinery. Made of thick board, they had five holes for the head, the hands and the feet. For the slightest reason, indeed for nothing, the slaves were thrust into the stocks for two to three months at a time. The overseer kept the leather whip handy. The pregnant women were laid on their stomachs so that the babies wouldn't be lost. I saw many of my brothers with red shoulders. The overseer rubbed the raw flesh with salt and piss and wet tobacco leaves. It burnt like fire.

4. Flight

I wanted to know nothing more of such a life. Whoever stayed there was a nobody. I wanted to escape. I was always thinking about it. Often I couldn't get to sleep because I was thinking about escaping.

Most slaves were frightened of life up in the mountains. You'll be caught anyway, they would say. But I thought to myself: it's better in the forest. And I knew that work in the fields was really like hell. Then I concentrated on the overseer and didn't take my eyes off the swine. I can still see him today. He never took his hat off. The blacks were afraid of him. With one blow he could fell a man and have him in rags and tatters. One day I couldn't stand it any longer. Anger ran through me like wildfire.

I whistled and he turned toward me. Then I picked up a stone and threw it straight at his ugly mouth. I hit the mark right on. He cried out: seize him! I ran off and didn't stop until I was alone in the mountains, in the forest.

5. The Forest

I liked being in the forest. I knew all the paths. I stayed there many years. I felt good, like a child. I didn't want to hear or see anything more of slavery. I often forgot I was a runaway slave and began to sing and whistle. For a long time I didn't speak to another human being. This peace pleased me greatly. With a rope I caught young pigs and smoked the flesh. Vegetables grew freely in the forest, and leaves out of which I could make cigars. And there was wild honey. The water in the mountains was very good. Nothing was lacking—except love. There

were no women in the forest, only mares. I could always have a mare, but mares neighed as though the devil were riding them. The overseers would hear the noise and come running. What a fool, the man who would let himself be bound in chains just because of a mare!

In the forest I have grown accustomed to living with trees. I knew a tree that would say *utsch, utsch, ui, ui*, at night, just like a bird. A tree is a great thing. It is like a god. One mustn't kill a tree for it gives one all it has. Other than this there is no one you can rely on—not even the Holy Ghost. A runaway slave is dependent on his own resources. The birds and the trees were my companions, and I had enough to eat. I lacked nothing in the forest.

6. Spirits

One can't say of the spirits that they are this or that colour. They appear before all people but for the most part nobody is willing to talk about them. I've seen marvellous things. The Headless Horseman is a terrible apparition. Once we met and he said: go there and fetch gold. I went, cold with fright, and what did I find? A heap of coal. This ghost was a joker, or a poor devil.

The *guijes* are another apparition. They come out of the rivers and bask in the sun when it's warm. Little black people with flat heads.

The sirens come out of the sea, particularly on Midsummer's Eve. They comb their hair and enchant the men. Sometimes they draw a fisherman down to into the depths. They have a magic so that the fisherman doesn't drown.

One mustn't be afraid of spirits. Living beings are more dangerous than the dead ones. Whoever meets a dead being should ask: What do you want from me, brother?

When one dies or when one sleeps the soul flies off. It is tired because all day it has had to put up with so much. So it flies off through the air and over the sea, like a snail leaving its house behind.

I don't want to think too much about these things. They are dark. They make me tired. Nevertheless one is always thinking about them, for the most part when one is alone. One even thinks of them in dreams. It's not good to talk about this. Many people have talked themselves to death. Besides spirits are like fairy-tales that don't want to end, so no one knows the conclusion.

7. False Freedom

One day I heard a cry: We are free! the people cried out. I heard it and I couldn't believe it. I don't know why but I thought: that's a lie.

I came down from the mountains. As I came out of the forest I met an old woman with two children in her arms. I asked her: is it true that we're no longer slaves? She replied: yes, we're free. Then I travelled further looking for work.

They'd taken away all the locks and bolts from the barracks and the guards were gone. But work on the plantations was the same as always. After three months I had torn hands and swollen feet.

The sugar cane and the heat were almost enough to kill you. A day in the fields never ends. The overseers were the same ones as before. If one paused for a moment the overseer would call: you'll be fired!

That was the liberation of the blacks I had heard so much about. I knew at once that it was a lie. Talking and shouting don't put anything right.

8. Women

The greatest thing of all is women. I always found one who would say she wanted to stay with me.

When I wanted a woman I went to the village. On Sundays the streets were full of dancers. The girls were different in those days—they were less complicated. When someone caught their fancy they went with him into the fields and lay down among the hot sugar cane. They knew what they wanted, and that was what you wanted too. I liked it this way: one day this girl and tomorrow another. I knew all kinds of women, gentle and savage ones, fair and dark ones. When I think about it, it seems to me I must have many descendants.

I was together with one girl for a long time. She was one of those pretty mulberry-coloured mulattoes. She was called Ana. But she was a witch. Every evening she called the spirits into the house and talked with them, so that I became anxious and depressed.

To depend on a woman all one's life—that's not for me. Now I am old. From time to time I still find one who lies down beside me. But it is no longer the way it was. A woman is certainly a big thing. I speak the truth: what I've enjoyed most in the world is women.

9. Machines

For a long time engineers came and went. They rushed through the plantations and inspected the sugar refinery. They wanted to improve everything. When it was announced: the engineers are coming, we all had to put on clean clothes and the overseer had the boilers polished until they looked as bright as the sun.

The engineers were foreigners. They came from England and America. The old steam machine was too slow for them and they brought in a larger one, a centrifugal system.

At Ariosa there were three machines. The hewing mill cut up the sugar cane. Then there was the machine for pressing out the juice and lastly the one for making the residue small for the ovens. When I saw how all these machines did their work I would stand open-mouthed. And they did it all on their own. It looked marvellous. Never before had I seen such progress.

Most of the planters were overjoyed because they saw the mill processing more and more sugar cane. And then the machine workers, the boiler and weighing overseers, they thought they were a cut above the others because they lived in comfortable houses. The machines also brought much hatred and injustice. Those who worked on the plantations in the heat of the sun didn't reap any advantages from them at all.

10. Priests

Whosoever believes must be left in peace. I haven't got much time for religion. In my day in Cuba everyone was a Christian, even the biggest gangsters.

In Ariosa the sugar mill stood still on festive days and the sugar plantations were as dead as a graveyard. The priests began to pray early in the morning and never wanted to come to an end. The church wasn't far away but I never set foot in it. The sacristy was a real brothel. Your reverence, give me your blessing, said the pert girls, before they got in bed with the priest.

I can do without the priests. There are real rogues among them. They always want their pound of flesh. They hide their children under their *soutanes* and call them nephews or godchildren. In Ariosa the priests were very powerful and had a finger in every pie. They had masses of money and never gave away a penny. They didn't care at all about the workers in the sugar mills. They never once looked in at the refinery. Perhaps they were afraid they might choke there. They were soft and slippery as butter, the priests.

By the way, there are no true Catholics in Cuba. Every one of us has his own magic. All religions have been mixed together in our case. The Spanish side is weak and the African is strong.

Whosoever believes must be left in peace. For the most important thing of all is peace. Without it man cannot think and cannot live.

11. Revolt

Then came the time when all the world began to talk of revolt. It smelled of war. They said, it would be over now for the Spaniards; and long live a free Cuba, *Viva Cuba Libre!*

I listened to everything and said nothing. The revolution pleased me. I thought a lot of the anarchists because they risked their necks and were not afraid.

But don't be misled. War destroys trust among people. Your brothers die beside you and you can do nothing for them. When it's all over the cunning rats come out of their holes and make merry.

And yet you can't sneak away when misery becomes too great. You must fight it, otherwise you are worth nothing.

▼ The blacks didn't ask for long what the revolution was about. There had to be war. No one wanted to live under the Spaniards any more. No one wanted to be in chains, to eat bad meat, to go to work in the fields in the grey of early morning. It wasn't right that the whites should have everything and that there was no freedom. That's why we joined the fight for freedom. Whoever stayed at home lost his friends. He couldn't live anymore. He died of sadness.

12. The Battle of Mal Tiempo

In December '95 I said to my friends: it's time we raised our heads. On the same afternoon we left the refinery and went to the next farm. I said quite politely to the farmer: please give us your horses with bridle and saddle. Then we mounted and rode off.

In Las Villas we joined the rebels. We had no weapons, only our big knives. Before the battle our leader said: when you see the enemy, throw yourselves at him with the machete.

Mal Tiempo is a great plain with sugar cane and pineapple plantations. It was early morning. When the Spaniards saw us they began to shake. They were frightened of the knives. Some threw themselves to the ground, others threw away their weapons and hid in the bushes. There were also some brave devils among them. A small Spaniard had almost got me. I picked him up by the collar and held him fast. Then he looked at me and cried: you are nothing but savages! The Spaniards had imagined things differently. They were amazed that we cut off their heads; for they thought we were not men but sheep. The battle only lasted half an hour, but it was a bloody scene. At the end these little Spaniards were lying all around—heads between the rows of pineapple.

At Mal Tiempo the Cubans learned that they were strong. It was a great triumph for the revolution and a great slaughter. It was inevitable.

13. The Cruel Victory

We marched into Havana and celebrated the victory. It was just like a fair. Whoever carried a bush knife was a liberator. The girls fell into our arms like ripe plums. The drums beat all day and night in the harbour. People threw their hats and kerchiefs into the air. Everywhere there was the sound of the *rumba*. It was like the end of the world. Everyone cried at the top of their lungs: *Viva Cuba Libre!*

But victory had its snags. The Cubans had imagined the Americans to have come to the island just for pleasure. The Americans quietly and secretly had pocketed the best pieces of the cake. Then everyone said: the Americans are the filthiest swine. That's true. But who brought them into the country? And who allowed them to take over? It was the rich Cubans who had their white fingers in everything. And our own dear officers were not without blame either.

The Americans ran around in their yellow uniforms always well turned-out and very drunk. *Nigger, Nigger*, they shouted after the black men, and whenever a pretty girl crossed their path, they would call out, *Fucky, Fucky*. If I were given a choice between the Americans and the Spaniards, I'd rather take the Spaniards. That is, as long as they stayed where they were. Each one where he belonged.

When the war ended I saw that fraud and cheating were rife in the town. Negro, dear friend, they said, you will grow rich here. Yes, who would believe it! In Havana you could die of starvation. I took my bag and went to the station by the harbour. I went back to the sugar plantations. My pockets were empty. I haven't forgotten anything.

14. Kindness

The best of all is when people live together like brothers. That doesn't often happen in the city. There are too many rich people in the city. Rich people think they are the lords of the earth and they don't help anyone. It's different in the country.

In our area we were like brothers to our neighbours. We all helped each other when there was sowing to do, or a wagon load to move, or a funeral to attend. A palm hut, for example, was quickly built and decorated in two or three days. We all pitched in and helped. We knew that alone you easily get tired and didn't get much done.

What you can find in all this is kindness. There isn't much of this left in the world. People are too jealous and hostile. That's why I like being alone.

15. The Knife

Perhaps tomorrow I shall die, but I won't hide my face. In the old days we had to keep still, naked and dirty in the mountains, and the Spanish troops would pass by, clean and fresh like tin soldiers. Today it's different. No one can hide the truth.

I have no wish to die. I shall surely be present in the struggles that lie ahead. I won't hide. I don't need a new weapon. Just my old knife, my big knife—I need nothing else.

Translation adapted by Doina Popescu, 1997, from Iris Holland Rogers's 1970 translation of the German text.

Paul Yoder *baritone*

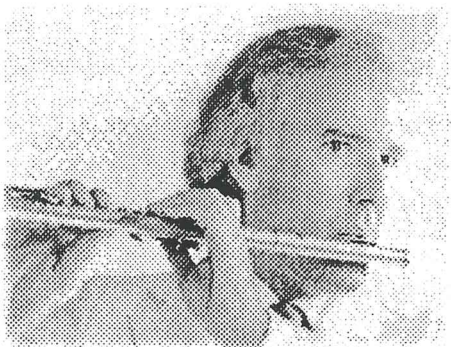
Upon completing his degree at Arizona State University with a double major in organ and voice, Paul Yoder worked for Glendale Community College as an adjunct voice teacher and in church music. After attending the Aspen Summer Music Festival and working with Thomas Paul he continued his studies at the Eastman School of Music in order to continue working with Mr. Paul. After an apprenticeship with the Chautauqua Opera Festival during the summer of 1976, he decided to pursue a Master's Degree in Opera at Boston University. Returning to Phoenix in 1978, he continued studying with May Shafer. After his debut with Arizona Opera (as Silvio in *I Pagliacci*) and winning several local competitions, he decided to pursue a full-time singing career.



In January of 1980 Mr. Yoder began a European career that has spanned sixteen years. During that time he has worked both as a "Fest" singer in German opera houses (Gießen and Karlsruhe) and, as of 1992, a free-lance artist. Engagements have led to appearances in France, Italy, Austria, Luxembourg, Rumania, the Czech Republic and Korea as well as in numerous theatres throughout Germany. This fall he will make his debut in Tokyo singing Henze's *El Cimarrón*. He has made recordings (commercial as well as for state radio stations) and received several awards, including the Bad Hersfelder Opernpreis 1991 for his interpretation of the title role in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. Invitations to appear at many festivals, including the *Mai-Festspiele* in Wiesbaden, the *Bach-Woche* in Würzburg and the *Internationale Moderne Musik Tage* at Donaueschingen have made him equally well known to concert audiences. He is currently Artist-in-Residence for the Voice Faculty of Grand Canyon University in Phoenix, Arizona.

Robert Aitken *flutes*

Noted for his outstanding interpretations and extraordinary insight into contemporary music, Robert Aitken is one of the most vital and respected musicians in the world today.



Born in Nova Scotia, Robert Aitken began his flute studies at the age of nine in Pennsylvania and later continued with Nicholas Fiore at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto. Following shorter periods of study with Frederick Wilkins and Julius Baker in New York, he met the eminent French flutist and pedagogue Marcel Moyse, whom he considers his major teacher. In 1964, he received a Canada Council grant which enabled him to study in Europe with Jean-Pierre Rampal, Severino Gazzeloni, Andre Jaunet and Hubert Barwahser.

Robert Aitken became principal flutist of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra at nineteen years of age, and co-principal flutist of the Toronto Symphony (under the direction of Seiji Ozawa) at twenty-four. Honoured with the Order of Canada, he has been a prize-winner in the Concours Internationale de Flûte de Paris, the Concours Internationale de Flûte pour la Musique contemporaine at Royan, and was awarded the Canada Music Citation, the Wm. Harold Moon Award, the Canadian Music Medal, Roy Thomson Hall Award, and the Jean A. Chalmers National Music Award, all for his dedication to Canadian Music at home and abroad. In January of this year he was named a Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et Lettres by the Government of France. His recordings on BIS, Sony-Denon, Marquis, CBC SM5000 and Koch are distributed world-wide.

Among his professional accomplishments are five summers at Rudolf Serkin's Marlboro Music Festival three at the Stratford Music Festival under the leadership of Glenn Gould, Leonard Rose and Oscar Shumsky, and five years in the CBC Symphony Orchestra with such eminent conductors as Karl Böhm, Hermann Scherchen, Heitor Villa-Lobos, Aaron Copland and Igor Stravinsky.

In addition, he founded and directed "Music Today" (Niagara-on-the-Lake) and "Music at Shawnigan". From 1985 to 1989 was Director of the Advanced Studies in Music programme at the Banff Centre for Fine Arts.

With an international reputation as a composer, Robert Aitken believes that a commitment to contemporary music is essential for a soloist today. His success as a conductor and performer has resulted in some fifty new works being composed for him by noted personalities including John Cage, Elliott Carter, Roger Reynolds, Toru Takemitsu, Thorkell Sigurbjornsson, Arne Nordheim, Manuel Enriquez, John Beckwith, R. Murray Schafer, Gilles Tremblay and John Weinzwieg.

Continually in demand as a distinguished performer, conductor, composer and teacher, Robert Aitken has toured more than fifty countries, with performances in most major world centres. In addition to giving concerts, he is Professor of Flute at the Staatliche Hochschule für Musik in Freiburg im Breisgau, Germany and Artistic Director of New Music Concerts.

Reinbert Evans *guitar*

Reinbert Evers was born in Dortmund, Germany in 1949 and commenced his guitar studies with Maritta Kersting in Düsseldorf, before going on to work with Karl Scheit in Vienna. He was appointed Professor of guitar at the Musikhochschule Münster in 1976, and in 1980 he received the Young Artist's Award from the city of Dortmund.

Evers' profound understanding of both classical and contemporary music has made him a much sought-after performer at major venues and festivals both in Germany and abroad. He has broadcast widely and his impressive discography comprises works by composers ranging from Bach (complete works for lute) through 19th century masters such as Sor and Giuliani to those of our time, De Falla, Henze, Britten, Trojahn and others. His contemporary music repertoire



features works by some 60 composers, Elliott Carter, Stephen Dodgson, Milton Babbitt, Benjamin Britten, Toru Takemitsu and many others. This versatile artist is also much in demand as a chamber musician.

At the request of the Goethe-Institut he toured Italy, France, Scandinavia, Yugoslavia, Greece, Israel, East and West Africa, the USA and Russia. Since 1990 he has toured several times in Eastern Europe (Russia, Latvia, Ukraine, Bulgaria, Poland, Hungary) and in Asia (Korea, Japan and China). International masterclasses have made Evers well-known as one of the stimulating guitar teachers of our times. Since 1995 he has been Dean of the Musikhochschule Münster.

Mircea Ardeleanu *percussion*

Mircea Ardeleanu was born in 1954 in Klausenburg (Cluj), Rumania and studied music both there and in Basle, Switzerland. Since completing his education he has been a free-lance musician specializing in the performance of 20th century music.

In 1978 Ardeleanu won first prize in the soloist category of the "Concours National Bucharest" and a year later was granted the first prize in the "Internationalen Gaudeamus Wettbewerb" held in Rotterdam.

Mircea Ardeleanu has participated in all the important contemporary music festivals and has concertized throughout Europe and Asia. He has also had numerous engagements for major radio networks in Germany and abroad.



He has collaborated with many contemporary composers including Karheinz Stockhausen, Iannis Xenakis, György Kurtág, Peter Eotvos and others; many of these have dedicated works to him. He has also recorded a series of "Portrait" CD's on the Koch-Schwann label featuring works by Stockhausen, Xenakis, Cage and Henze. Since 1996 Mircea Ardeleanu has been a Docent at the Internationalen Ferienkursen at Darmstadt.

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Brochures containing competition rules and application forms are available from the Foundation or any SOCAN office.

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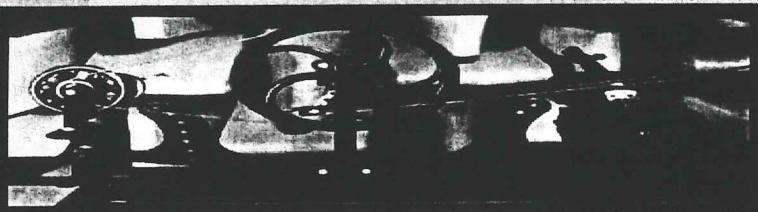


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